Four To Two

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/8269837.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationships:
Jeon Jungkook/Min Yoongi | Suga, Kim Taehyung | V/Park Jimin, Jeon Jungkook/Kim Taehyung | V, Jeon Jungkook/Park Jimin, Kim Taehyung | V/Min Yoongi | Suga, Min Yoongi | Suga/Park Jimin

Characters:
Jeon Jungkook, Min Yoongi | Suga, Park Jimin (BTS), Kim Taehyung | V

Additional Tags:
brief appearances from other bts members, Hand Jobs, Blow Jobs, Rimming, Anal Sex, Smut, Fluff, SugaKookie centric, side vmin - Freeform, bangtan fic is now my life apparently

Language:
English

Series:
Part 1 of First and Last

Stats:
Published: 2016-10-12 Words: 10,683 Chapters: 1/1

Four To Two

by rosiex

Summary

In which Jeongguk and Yoongi get used to it being just the two of them now.

Basically lots of smut and fluff.

A/N: This is the first in a follow up series to the Sunday Morning/ Worth The Wait/The Plan trilogy, focusing on Jeongguk/Yoongi (with a hint of side Vmin). I've left all the pairings in the tags as there are references to past encounters in the fic.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jeongguk's life carries on much as it had before he and Yoongi awkwardly discussed their feelings for one another. Well, discussed may be too strong a word. More like fumbling admissions that perhaps there might be something more to explore between them than simply sex, but still. Taehyung and Jimin's plan had its intended effect; it was progress of some sort. He really ought to write them a thank you card or something.

Because as much as his life carries on mostly as before, it's now littered with small moments that make him smile wide when he recalls them. Jeongguk's lost count of the times when he's pulled Yoongi aside into an empty room because he *can* now - at least he thinks he can- pressing him up against the door and kissing him until they're breathless, hands roaming over backs and slipping under shirts. He can't keep track of the amount of times Yoongi sits next to him on the couch rather than seeking solitude, a small smile tugging at both their mouths when their thighs touch. They haven't managed to find any real time alone in the last two weeks to actually take things any further, but the moments are enough for now.

It's a Wednesday morning when Jeongguk hears Seokjin calling out a goodbye from downstairs, followed by Hoseok calling back with a reminder to take an umbrella. The sound of their voices reach his ears whilst en route to the bathroom to shower. They mingle with the lazy clatter of dishes from the kitchen, Taehyung on washing up duty but too tired to do it straight after dinner last night. Jeongguk thinks nothing of the farewell until he passes Seokjin and Yoongi's room. The door is closed, Yoongi still sleeping inside.

Jeongguk pauses. Should he go in? He knows that they can't do anything with so many of the members still in the house, but he hasn't kissed Yoongi in almost twenty four hours now and well, that's really not on. He carefully opens the door, closing it behind him as quietly as possible. He walks over to Seokjin's bed, perching on the edge. Yoongi's sleeping soundly and Jeongguk feels bad at the thought of waking him up. He knows that he gets so little sleep as it is.

Jeongguk takes his time contemplating, allowing himself the chance to just *look* at Yoongi. He never really gets a chance to do so properly, averting his gaze when he catches Jimin's smirk or Taehyung's sparkling eyes as they notice what he's doing.

He takes in the clear skin of Yoongi's face that feels so warm beneath Jeongguk's fingertips; the softness of his lips that kiss Jeongguk so

thoroughly; the messy strands of hair that fall across his forehead which Jeongguk loves to tangle his hands in. The time passes and he realises that he's now just sitting here staring at the sleeping man. It's maybe a little bit weird. He keeps looking for a few more moments before deciding that he really should get up and leave. Kissing can wait for another time.

"That's really fucking creepy you know?"

Yoongi's sleepy murmur is so unexpected that it makes Jeongguk's body physically jolt in surprise. One of Yoongi's eyes cracks open, peering blearily at Jeongguk. The younger's sure he can see the hint of a smile at the corner of his mouth.

"Oh, I, uh, just..." Jeongguk's reply trails off, unable to come up with a good excuse as to why he's sitting here watching Yoongi sleep like a grade A weirdo.

Yoongi's eye closes again and he says no more. Jeongguk just sits there awkwardly. He wonders if Yoongi's fallen back to sleep again. He decides that he really should leave this time, but Yoongi's words stop him again.

"Well are you getting in or what?" Yoongi says. His eyes stay closed. Jeongguk blinks a few times at the question that's asked as though it's a totally normal query, though there is a hint of uncertainty in Yoongi's tone.

"Um, do you want me to?" Jeongguk replies hesitantly.

He doesn't get an answer other than a loud sigh from Yoongi. He's not entirely sure what that means, but then Yoongi pulls back the covers a little and Jeongguk realise he's being invited in. Jeongguk swallows thickly. Yoongi's not generally one of the members who's into bed sharing, preferring to sleep alone and undisturbed, so Jeongguk understands that this is quite the privilege. He eagerly climbs in.

Yoongi tugs the covers over the two of them as they lay side by side, leaving his hand resting on Jeongguk's waist after he does so. Jeongguk tentatively reaches his own hand out, placing it on Yoongi's hip. Yoongi makes a sleepy, contented hum at the action. They lay like that for a while, Jeongguk closing his own eyes even though he's not particularly tired. He listens to the rain pounding against the windows. This must be one of the dreariest winters Seoul's experienced in a long time, grey and gloomy for months now. It makes it feel cosier somehow though, here under the covers with Yoongi. The

faint sounds of the bustle in the rest of the house filter through, dimmed by the door. Jeongguk briefly worries about one of the members walking in on them but he's sure they're all too scared of waking up Yoongi, a fear earned through past experience.

There's a muffled shriek from downstairs followed by playful laughter as the sound of a plate shattering mixes in. Jeongguk can just about make out Namjoon's shout of *"that wasn't me this time"* that comes moments later. Jeongguk smiles to himself. The distant commotion seems to stir Yoongi. He shifts nearer to Jeongguk, close enough that their bodies now press together. His hand moves to rub against the small of Jeongguk's back, Jeongguk's sliding further round to rest between Yoongi's shoulder blades. Yoongi closes that final gap, leaning in and bringing their lips together.

The kiss is slow, their mouths parting and tongues sliding lazily against each other. Jeongguk sighs happily into it. He honestly can never get enough of this, of the way Yoongi kisses him so deeply, so thoroughly. He presses even closer, wanting to feel as much of Yoongi's body against his own as he can. Their t shirts and pajama bottoms are thin and he can feel the outline of all of the elder beneath them. Yoongi makes that small contented noise again, this time muffled by the kiss, and it makes Jeongguk shiver.

Yoongi tilts his head back just slightly, catching Jeongguk's lower lip between his own and sucking gently. His tongue darts out, giving the tiniest of licks before claiming Jeongguk's mouth once again. Their tongues explore each other's mouths languidly, rolling wantonly into that wet heat they crave.

Shit, Jeongguk can feel himself getting hard. The beginning tingle of an ache starts to build in his cock. He presses further into Yoongi. It may be a little embarrassing to get turned on so quickly from kissing but he has no shame; that went out the window on that first unexpected morning. He rubs his hips very slowly against Yoongi's, immensely pleased when he feels that Yoongi's not entirely unaffected by their kissing either. Jeongguk feels the hand that rubs at his back slide lower, slipping beneath the waistband of his pajamas to lightly squeeze his ass, pushing their lower bodies even tighter together.

"Fuck," Yoongi grunts softly. Jeongguk keeps grinding tortuously slowly against him, having to bite down on his own lip at the delicious friction. "You need to wake me up more often."

His comment makes Jeongguk smile. He's still smiling as Yoongi's lips

meet his once again, only faltering when he feels a tongue licking into his mouth. Their hips keep moving languorously against each other, the pressure relieving and frustrating in equal measure. Eventually it's too much and Jeongguk ends up pushing his hand beneath the waistband of Yoongi's pyjamas maybe a little too enthusiastically. It's worth it though when he feels Yoongi's cock in his hand, hot and so very hard, throbbing under his fingers. Yoongi lets out a small breathless laugh at his eagerness, soon replaced by the quietest of moans. His hand slips out of Jeongguk's pajamas to quickly tug his own down his thighs, allowing Jeongguk's hand better access.

"Fuck, you're so hard," Jeongguk whispers, never failing to be amazed - and if he's honest, somewhat proud.

"You do seem to have quite an effect on me," Yoongi smiles. His eyes are warm through the haze of lust that floods them and Jeongguk kisses him again.

Yoongi doesn't return his hand to its previous position, choosing instead to slide Jeongguk's pajamas down too, just enough so that he can take hold of his cock as well. Jeongguk whimpers softly into the kiss at the touch he's been needing for two weeks now. His own hand just really isn't the same anymore, despite being resorted to more often than he'd care to admit, the thoughts and memories in his mind always proving too tempting.

The kiss breaks. Their lips stay close, almost touching. They breathe heavily while their hands work each other. Jeongguk's hips rock gently up into Yoongi's grip, seeking more of the feeling. Yoongi's breath hitches every now and again, especially when Jeongguk's thumb swipes over the head, and Jeongguk revels in it. He's never gotten Yoongi off with just his hand before and he enjoys finding a new way of giving him pleasure.

"Feels so good, hyung," Jeongguk breathes.

"Yeah?" Yoongi replies, tone sounding both turned on and genuinely pleased.

Jeongguk nods rapidly, biting back a moan as Yoongi flicks his wrist in just the right way, lips finding their way to Jeongguk's neck. Jeongguk can feel the familiar tightening gathering in the very pit of his stomach, his hips rolling up into Yoongi's fist deliberately.

"I'd love to go down on you right now," Yoongi murmurs against his neck. His words send a jolt of desire shooting straight through

Jeongguk and the younger groans lightly. "But maybe a bit too risky."

It's a bit of an odd statement given that they're currently in bed jerking each other off but Jeongguk gets what he means. If someone were to walk in now they could just about get away with pretending like they're cuddling under the covers. Admittedly an unusual situation for the two most reserved members, but one entirely believable in this house. Not quite as easy to pretend if Yoongi's head is clearly in Jeongguk's crotch. It still doesn't stop Jeongguk wanting to tell Yoongi to do it anyway but he manages to resist.

Yoongi shuffles closer to Jeongguk. He takes hold of Jeongguk's hand that's currently stroking him, entwining their fingers before wrapping their joined hands around both of their cocks. Jeongguk gasps at the sensation. Oh god, it feels so good. Their slick cocks rub together while their hands slide along their lengths. Jeongguk rocks up into the feeling, small shuddering gasps escaping him as that pressure grows more and more. Yoongi's eyes scrunch closed, a soft *ah f*alling from his lips with greater frequency.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk pants out. "So close."

He feels Yoongi move their hands quicker, bringing Jeongguk closer and closer to the edge. His breath comes faster and faster and then, *fuck*, that wonderful pressure unfurls inside of him, the pleasure sharp and intense. He comes over both of their hands, hips still rocking into the grip as he rides out his orgasm.

Yoongi inhales shakily at the sight, a strangled whine stuck in his throat. He keeps working his own cock, slicker now with Jeongguk's come. Jeongguk doesn't want him to have to make himself come. Fuck it, maybe it is risky but he takes a chance. He slides under the covers, only briefly catching the moment of confusion flickering over Yoongi's features before he's face to face with Yoongi's cock.

He wraps his lips around the head, sinking down as far as he can before starting a quick up and down motion. He only manages a few bobs of his head before he senses Yoongi's heels digging into the mattress.

"Kook, fuck, I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come," Yoongi whispers quick and desperate.

Jeongguk keeps his mouth working him, hearing the muffled groan from above him. Yoongi's thighs and stomach tense and then he's coming hard in Jeongguk's mouth, Jeongguk swallowing what he can.

Jeongguk eases up on the pressure but keeps sliding his mouth on Yoongi's cock until the gasps start to veer into more pain than pleasure.

"God, Kook," Yoongi sighs.

Jeongguk hitches both of their pajama bottoms back up then climbs up his body. The air of the room feels cool against his face as he comes out from under the covers. Yoongi's forearm is slung across his mouth no doubt to muffle the noise as he came, and he's currently panting against it. Jeongguk dips down, nipping lightly at Yoongi's wrist.

"You're amazing," Yoongi tells him, hand reaching up to clumsily thread through Jeongguk's hair.

"No, you are," Jeongguk replies, then blushes when he realises how fucking corny that sounded. Yoongi laughs lightly at the awkward sentiment and Jeongguk quietens him with a kiss.

They're in a pretty disgusting mess, bodies and clothing sticky with come and sweat. It should be really gross - it *is* really gross - but Jeongguk doesn't care when Yoongi winds his arms around him, keeping them close together. Jeongguk buries his face into the crook of Yoongi's neck, inhaling deeply before letting out an utterly satisfied sigh. Yoongi's hand rubs light circles on his back, soothing and relaxing them both until their breathing finally returns to something like normal.

"I really enjoyed that,' Jeongguk mumbles into his neck and Yoongi gives a low noise of agreement.

"I'm glad," Yoongi says. A few moments pass comfortably before he speaks again. "So I know this is still all pretty new for you. If there's anything you ever think you'd like to try then, you know, just let me know."

Something clenches in Jeongguk's chest. He remembers Yoongi's worry from before that Jeongguk may feel as though he's missing out by only being with him. It honestly couldn't be further from the truth.

"Thanks, hyung," he smiles softly, lips curving against Yoongi's skin. He can't really think of anything right now, but it's nice to know that he can ask in the future if he wishes to. He loves how Yoongi always tries so hard to make sure he feels good. He ponders for a moment before tentatively asking, "have you ever, you know- been fucked?"

He's not asking because he wants to do that to Yoongi, though he must admit he's not entirely against that idea. He's more intrigued. He feels like Yoongi obviously knows the entirety of his sexual experiences in great detail, yet he's a little in the dark about Yoongi. Yoongi stills for a moment.

"I, uh- yeah," he says eventually.

He doesn't offer up any more information. Maybe Jeongguk should drop it but he asks another question. He remembers Jimin telling him that it wasn't what Yoongi enjoyed, but he was unsure if it was a preference or an absolute no.

"With Tae and Jimin?"

Yoongi takes a deep breath. Jeongguk can fill his chest rising beneath him. "No, not with them. It was before all this."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to-" Jeongguk begins to say, sensing an element of unease in Yoongi's voice.

"It's fine," Yoongi says. "It was just- a long time ago. Feels like another life sometimes."

It feels weird for Jeongguk to think of Yoongi having sexual encounters outside of the four of them, although it's obvious that he must have done. There's silence from Yoongi. Jeongguk lifts his head up, somewhat worried that he's made the elder upset or angry at his question. He doesn't see that in Yoongi's eyes though. He just looks at Jeongguk affectionately, a hint of a smile on his lips. He leans up, kissing Jeongguk tenderly. Yoongi blinks a couple of times when he pulls back.

"Why, is it something you'd like to try?" he asks gently.

"I'm not sure," Jeongguk shrugs. "Maybe. I was more just curious."

Yoongi nods. "Well, if you ever decide you want to, just say," Yoongi tells him.

Jeongguk shows his thanks with a slow, soft kiss, tongues lapping unhurriedly at the other's.

"So you're not mad that I woke you up then?" Jeongguk eventually asks when they break apart.

"Hmm," Yoongi ponders thoughtfully, leaning up and mouthing gently at Jeongguk's collarbone as he contemplates. "I guess I'll let you off this time."

"So generous," Jeongguk teases, gasping slightly when Yoongi's teeth scrape over his skin.

"Although I am a little concerned about being watched while I sleep," Yoongi continues, though his tone is light. Jeongguk feels his face flush. "I haven't got myself a stalker have I?"

"Ah yeah, sorry about that. I-" Jeongguk starts fumbling with an excuse, but loses his train of thought once again when Yoongi's mouth works Jeongguk's favourite spot on his neck. He feels Yoongi chuckle lowly against him.

When Yoongi's lips leave his neck Jeongguk finally tilts his head back, looking down at him. Yoongi smiles up, open and toothy and unashamedly happy. It makes Jeongguk feel like he's tripped down the stairs or something, the way his stomach dips so dramatically. He can't help but return it easily.

Jeongguk leans down, smiling into another soft kiss that this time turns more heated. His hands stroke against Yoongi's jaw, Yoongi hands in turn rubbing over his biceps, fingertips drifting beneath the short sleeves of his t shirt. They kiss eagerly, exploring each others mouths thoroughly as though it's all new and they haven't done this countless times before. God, it's crazy how worked up Yoongi can get him. He almost feels the beginnings of that low ache starting to form again.

"Will you fuck me, hyung?" Jeongguk breathes into the kiss. Yoongi groans, sounding almost pained.

"We can't," Yoongi says between kisses. "There's too many people around."

"I'll be quiet," Jeongguk promises, although it's not one he's entirely sure he'll be able to keep. Lust overrides his rational thinking right now however, blotting out the very real danger that one of the other members may venture into the room. His cock twitches faintly at the thought of finally being fucked by Yoongi. He needs it, badly.

"You're gonna be the death of me," Yoongi murmurs into another kiss.

Jeongguk rocks his hips ever so slightly down into Yoongi's. Neither of

them are more than a little hard yet, but Jeongguk's sure that after a few more minutes of kissing like this they'll definitely be good to go again. Yoongi seems to be warming to the idea if his hands on Jeongguk's ass are anything to go by. Their mouths are busy working each other when a quiet knock sounds at the bedroom door. They quickly break apart.

"Yeah?" Jeongguk calls out tentatively before realising that, shit, this isn't actually his room.

"Kook?" Jimin's voice replies, edged with curiosity and then oh god, why is he opening the door?

Jeongguk quickly rolls off of Yoongi to lay next to him instead but not before Jimin catches the action. Jimin folds his arms, that familiar smirk making its way once again onto his lips. His eyes take them both in and Jeongguk knows how obvious it is what they've been doing. Their sweaty, flushed faces and laboured breathing are something of a giveaway.

"Well, well, well," Jimin says, a playful undertone to his speech. "I was given the deadly task of waking up Yoongi-hyung this morning, but it looks like someone's beaten me to it."

Jeongguk's honestly not sure why he's quite so flustered. It's not like Jimin's never seen him and Yoongi together before. The things he and Jimin have done together *themselves* were about hundred times more explicit than being caught indulging in a heated make out session under the covers. But somehow this morning feels like more of a private moment between him and Yoongi; an intimacy for just the two of them to share.

"Yes, I was rudely awoken far too early this morning," Yoongi huffs, although it's obvious that it holds more affection than discontent.

"Ah, hyung, you can't be so lazy now you've got a excitable nineteen year old to please," Jimin grins. Yoongi groans and covers his face with his palm.

"Well, thanks for making this sound creepy as fuck all of a sudden," Yoongi says dryly.

Jeongguk glances over at him. Jeongguk's younger age and inexperience were the things that he always thought would mean there was no chance of Yoongi liking him in the way that he does. He still finds it a little surreal that someone like Yoongi is actually

interested in someone as dorky and awkward and technically-still-a-teenager as Jeongguk is.

Jimin's grin softens into a bashful smile. The hint of a blush tinges his cheeks, clearly worried that his joke has actually made them uncomfortable. Jeongguk quickly tries to divert the conversation.

"So what were you waking Yoongi up for anyway?" he asks kindly.

"Oh, um, yeah. We've all got to go to that super fun meeting, remember?" he says with superb mock enthusiasm. "The car's gonna be here in forty minutes." He pauses and sighs. "Seokjin's somehow managed to escape it."

They all share a smile at that. Management meetings can get pretty tedious sometimes. Jeongguk wonders what excuse Seokjin came up with to get out of attending; he'd like some tips.

"Lucky bastard," Yoongi mutters.

Jimin laughs. "Yep. Anyway, I'll meet you guys downstairs in a bit."

He gives a small half wave and walks out the room, taking care to close the door tight behind him. Yoongi sighs and immediately curls into Jeongguk's side, sliding an arm across his chest and hooking a thigh over his legs, nuzzling his face into Jeongguk's neck.

"I think we're meant to be getting up rather than going back to sleep," Jeongguk chuckles, pressing a kiss into Yoongi's hair nonetheless.

"Ah, forty minutes is ages," Yoongi mumbles.

Jeongguk smiles, lifting his hand not currently trapped by Yoongi and threading it softly through the strands of Yoongi's hair. They lay like that for a good while longer before too many minutes have ticked away and then the need to get up and ready is much more pressing.

It's a horrible feeling, untangling himself from Yoongi and leaving the cosiness of the covers and the warmth of Yoongi's body. Jeongguk looks down at himself himself once he stands up. Damn. His pajamas are just about passable but his grey t shirt is smeared with the white of what is unmistakably come. He really can't go out the room like this. His excuse making skills are nowhere near good enough to explain that away.

Yoongi inhales as he stands on the other side of the bed, eyes raking

over Jeongguk's clothes. He grimaces a little, opening one of his drawers and taking out a t shirt of his own, black with some kind of graphic design on the front.

"Here. Borrow this until you can change."

He chucks the t shirt over to Jeongguk who deftly catches it one handed. Jeongguk tugs off his own messy top, pulling Yoongi's over his head instead. It's a little snugger than his own given that he's a fair bit broader in the shoulders and chest than Yoongi, but it's not too bad.

"Okay, this is unfair. You can't look better in my clothes than I do," Yoongi grins. "It's rather disheartening."

Jeongguk blushes a little at the compliment and Yoongi looks somewhat embarrassed from having given it. He wants to give a compliment in response; tell Yoongi just how frustratingly hot and cute and smouldering he manages to be all at once. How sometimes when Jeongguk watches him he's overwhelmed by just how fucking *attractive* he finds Yoongi. But he doesn't quite manage that. Instead he responds by throwing his ruined t shirt at Yoongi and running away, laughing near hysterically as he darts out the door before the elder can retaliate.

When Jeongguk gets into bed that night he decides that it's maybe too much of an effort to pick a new t shirt to wear for sleeping in. Yoongi's one still lies on the floor next to his bed, crumpled from where he discarded after getting dressed earlier. More convenient just to wear that one, he reasons.

He's sitting up against the headboard, catching up on some social media sites on his phone when Namjoon walks into their bedroom. He's already dressed for bed, immediately getting under the covers and sighing. Jeongguk knows it's been a long day for their leader, having spent time in the studio in the morning and taking the lead in their meetings today too. He probably just wants to go to sleep.

"Want me to turn off the light?" Jeongguk asks, nodding his head towards to lamp on his bedside table.

"Nah, you're alright," Namjoon replies. He furrows his brow a little, looking over at the younger. "Hey, I think you might have picked up Yoongi's shirt by mistake."

Jeongguk looks down at the top, feigning surprise. "Oh yeah, I hadn't

realised." He smiles over at Namjoon. "Thanks, hyung. I'll give it back to him tomorrow."

Namjoon smiles and closes his eyes.

Jeongguk doesn't return the shirt.

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It's a busy rest of the week. There's interviews and practices and meetings about their upcoming tour. What spare time Jeongguk does have he ends up at the gym with Seokjin. He likes working out. It's one of the best ways to relieve some of the stress and tension of the long days (well, it's not *the* best way but alone time with Yoongi is proving pretty thin on the ground so gym it is).

It's a rare moment of solitude when Jeongguk gets the lounge to himself one evening that weekend. He stretches out on his back along the couch, a bowl of chips balanced on his stomach. He eats them mindlessly, shoving in handfuls and letting the crumbs spill onto his t shirt as he watches the TV.

"That time I said you were hot - I take it all back."

Taehyung's leaning against the door frame, grinning mischievously at Jeongguk. Jeongguk just rolls his eyes and shoves in another mouthful. Taehyung tuts, coming over to sit next to him, stealing some chips for himself.

"Hey, you can't insult me then take my food," Jeongguk protests. Taehyung just winks and bites pointedly into one.

"You not heading to bed?" he asks, looking over at the clock which reads nearly 1am.

"Nah, I'm just relaxing for a bit," Jeongguk says, huffing as Taehyung starts brushing the crumbs off of his chest like a fussing mother.

"Oh right," Taehyung replies. "So you're not waiting up for a certain hyung to come home then?"

Jeongguk splutters indignantly. "Of course not," he says firmly. Even though, of course, that's precisely what he was doing. Taehyung doesn't need to know that though, especially after the raised eyebrows and the muttered '*such fucking boyfriends*' that Jeongguk received from the elder when he was caught wearing Yoongi's t shirt to bed again.

"Sure," Taehyung drawls, sounding thoroughly unconvinced. "Well I'm gonna go to bed. Don't let Yoongi keep you up all night - if you know what I mean." He wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

"I always know what you mean," Jeongguk sighs. "Unfortunately."

Taehyung laughs, a light and joyful sound that still brings a smile out in Jeongguk even after all these years of friendship.

"Night, Kook." Taehyung ruffles his hair, darting away from the smack Jeongguk tries to give him and dashing out of the room.

Jeongguk tries to focus back on the TV. He wonders what Taehyung and Jimin might get up to in their room tonight. He knows that Hoseok's elsewhere this evening. They've not said outright but he's pretty sure that the two of them are still sleeping with each other. He's caught them coming out of rooms looking far too flustered far too often, Jimin seeming bashful and Taehyung just grinning his usual wide grin.

It's nearly one-thirty when Jeongguk hears the sound of a key turning in the front door. He springs up at the sound, the bowl of chips luckily already finished as it tumbles to the floor. He rapidly brushes any remaining crumbs off of his shirt and sits back against the cushions, trying to affect a casual air. He keeps his gaze fixed on the TV as he hears the rustle of a coat being removed followed by Yoongi's footsteps getting nearer.

"Jeongguk?"

He glances up at the sound of his name and looks over. Yoongi looks a mixture of sleepy and surprised and - Jeongguk's heart leaps - rather pleased.

"Oh, hey hyung," he says. "I totally forgot you were back late."

Yoongi's eyes narrow a little but they sparkle. They had a very clear conversation only a few hours ago about Yoongi spending some downtime at the studio. Jeongguk's pretty sure that Yoongi sees right through him, but he says nothing. Yoongi shuffles into the lounge and sits down next to Jeongguk. They look at each other a moment, exchanging small smiles before Yoongi leans in and presses a tender kiss to his lips.

"Well, it's a nice surprise," Yoongi says. He kisses Jeongguk once more before sighing and flopping back against the cushions. His hand rests

on Jeongguk's thigh, thumb lightly stroking the material of his sweatpants.

"Long day?" Jeongguk asks, even though that's pretty obvious.

Yoongi closes his eyes and nods. His thumb keeps rubbing at Jeongguk's thigh. Jeongguk kind of just wants to kiss him until he's utterly breathless but Yoongi seems pretty tired so he just sits there uselessly instead.

"Maybe you should go to bed," Jeongguk says reluctantly. He really doesn't want Yoongi to go when he's only just been able to see him, but it's clear the elder is quite exhausted.

"Hmm. Maybe," Yoongi replies, not opening his eyes and not moving either.

The TV plays on quietly in the background, having switched to some terrible drama. Jeongguk glances between Yoongi and the screen, not quite sure what to do.

A few moments later he feels Yoongi shift closer, resting his head on Jeongguk's shoulder and snaking an arm across his chest, curling into the younger's side. Jeongguk's arm lifts up to drape around Yoongi's shoulders, his cheek pressed into the soft strands of Yoongi's hair.

It's immensely comforting to sit here like this with Yoongi. He still sort of wants to kiss him non stop but he's okay with this too, this different kind of closeness. He's not sure why it makes his heart race quite so much.

"You have terrible taste in TV shows," Yoongi mumbles.

Jeongguk laughs and picks up the remote, gladly changing the channel.

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When Jeongguk blinks open his eyes and pale sunlight is filtering into the room he's instantly confused. For one he doesn't remember falling asleep and two, he's suddenly aware that he's not in his bed. Slowly it all comes back to him. He must have fallen asleep watching TV with Yoongi last night. He looks over at the clock to see that it's now 5:48am.

Jeongguk shifts a little. They've clearly moved during the night. He's

now half laying back into the cushions, Yoongi draped over him, face pressed into his collarbone. In spite of the unusual location it's quite a nice feeling to wake up with Yoongi. It's not something he's ever done before. He's often woken up before to find Jimin or Taehyung or even sometimes Hoseok curled up into him but never Yoongi.

His left arm is trapped under the dead weight of the other. He tries to carefully extract it but the movement seems to be enough to stir Yoongi. Yoongi squints open his eyes, blinking hard before looking at Jeongguk. He looks rather dazed and it's kind of adorable, but Jeongguk's not sure Yoongi would ever speak to him again if he voiced that opinion.

"Morning," he says, voice gravelly with sleep.

"Morning," Jeongguk replies.

Yoongi just keeps looking at him, blinking a few more times as though it's helping him to focus better. He eventually props himself up on his elbow, tilting his head down and capturing Jeongguk's mouth in a slow kiss. Jeongguk sighs into it, content and sleepy. His arms move to wrap around Yoongi, holding him close as the kiss deepens.

Jeongguk feels that familiar twist in his stomach, like nerves and excitement and want all at once. He loses track of time as they kiss, getting utterly lost in it.

"Everyone's gonna be waking up soon," Yoongi murmurs against his lips.

If it's meant to be a warning to stop then it's not a very good one as he follows it up with yet another kiss. Jeongguk's hands slip under the hem of Yoongi's shirt, rubbing small circles against his lower back. Yoongi's right. At some point soon the other members will start stirring in the house. Jeongguk's pretty sure that the last thing they want to see over their morning breakfast is him and Yoongi making out. Well, maybe Jimin and Taehyung are the exception. But he can't bring himself to stop kissing the elder and Yoongi seems unable to stop either.

It's a fact not to helped by the slow, unhurried way their hips have started to rub against each other's. Jeongguk's hands slide down from Yoongi's back, over his ass and down to the backs of his thighs, spreading his legs a little wider to help Yoongi grind into him harder. They both gasp at the feeling.

"Shit," Jeongguk breathes out, head tipping back as Yoongi mouths down his throat.

He's caught between wanting to completely give in to this and listening intently for the sound of approaching footsteps. Jeongguk's hands press down on the backs of Yoongi's thighs, causing another hard grind that makes Jeongguk let out an embarassing keening sort of sound.

"God, I'd love to just fuck you into this couch right now," Yoongi murmurs into Jeongguk's neck.

"Fuck," Jeongguk groans softly. He wonders if Yoongi has any idea what statements like that do to him. How often he replays the words in his mind when he's touching himself. "Want that so badly," Jeongguk says, even though he knows it's impossible right now.

Yoongi lifts his head up, looking not at Jeongguk but over at the clock on the wall. He looks all kinds of hot, hair messy and lips shining and eyes hooded, and Jeongguk can't help but squeeze his ass, enjoying the way it makes Yoongi's eyes flutter closed.

"Come on, time to shower," Yoongi says.

He presses a blazing kiss to Jeongguk's lips then stands up. Jeongguk stares up blankly at him. Is Yoongi seriously cutting this off right now to make him take a morning shower? Yoongi holds his hand out to Jeongguk and the younger takes it, standing up on slightly shaking legs. He barely has a moment to catch his breath before Yoongi's dragging him out the room, being pulled quickly up the stairs. Jeongguk's not sure he's ever seen Yoongi move so fast so early in the morning.

Yoongi darts into his room en route and grabs not one but two towels, also shoving a small bottle into his pocket. A grin breaks out over Jeongguk's face as he realises what Yoongi is planning. They stumble inside the bathroom, Yoongi double and triple checking the door is locked before pressing Jeongguk up against it.

They kiss heatedly, hands grabbing onto shirts and quickly discarding them. Jeongguk loves how it feels to have Yoongi's skin pressed against his like this, taking the opportunity to let his hands roam all over the expanse of his back.

When they finally break apart Yoongi heads over to the shower, turning it on and letting the warm spray start to fill the room.

Jeongguk moves to stand behind him, wrapping his arms around Yoongi's chest and pressing a kiss to his shoulder. His hand drops down, Jeongguk's palm rubbing against the front of Yoongi's jeans. He unzips them and slips his hand down to take hold of his cock, hot and throbbing in his hand.

Yoongi exhales sharply at the touch, leaning back into Jeongguk's chest. Jeongguk tries to stroke him as best he can though the tightness of Yoongi's jeans means his movements are too restricted. His hands move to start tugging down the denim but he struggles in his eagerness. Yoongi laughs softly, turning around and taking them off himself. Jeongguk takes the opportunity to swiftly remove his own sweatpants.

Jeongguk steps into the shower first. He ducks under the stream of water, enjoying the feel of it refreshing him after sleeping in his clothes all night. He raises his hands, running them through his hair. He closes his eyes briefly as he does so and tips his head back, letting the strands get soaked. When he opens his eyes he sees Yoongi staring at him, lips parted and eyes burning with lust.

"God," he breathes out. "I must have been a fucking saint in a past life to deserve you."

His words cause a burn deep in Jeongguk's chest. Yoongi grins wickedly and steps in the shower too, immediately pushing Jeongguk up against the tiled wall. Jeongguk moans softly from both Yoongi's words and his touch. The feel of Yoongi's skin all wet and smooth under Jeongguk's fingers is incredible. His hands explore the other's body eagerly as Yoongi's grip Jeongguk's hips, fingertips digging in hard as he rubs up against the the younger, their cocks sliding together easily.

Yoongi's lips are wet when they meet Jeongguk's, the taste of the water trickling in when their lips part, tongues rolling into the heat of each other's mouths. They kiss desperately, obscenely almost, and it seems weird to Jeongguk to think that he only had his first proper kiss so relatively recently. It had been so gentle and cautious; he had no idea then that it would ever lead to him and Yoongi being together like this.

The kiss is a little rougher than usual, fuelled by the passion that surges through them both, but when Yoongi pulls back there's no mistaking a deep affection in his eyes. They kiss again heatedly, intense as though they'll never be able to do it again. Jeongguk moans

quietly into it, his hips rolling back against Yoongi's.

Jeongguk lets out a small yelp of surprise when Yoongi suddenly breaks the kiss and spins him round, Jeongguk's palms laying flat against the slippery wall with his back to Yoongi. He feels fingertips tracing along his spine. He's breathing heavily, every nerve on edge, waiting for whatever Yoongi has for him next.

"You okay?" Yoongi asks, his voice full of softness despite the evident desire laced through it. It's clear that Yoongi has taken more control this morning and there's a twinge in Jeongguk's chest at how much he cares that Jeongguk's fully comfortable with it.

"Yes, fuck yes," Jeongguk nods. "Please, hyung."

He's not quite sure what he's asking for but Yoongi doesn't seem to mind. He lets out a low noise that sounds like pure want at Jeongguk's response. Yoongi's fingers keep circling lower on his back. Jeongguk arches subconsciously, expecting to feel them drop lower to slide inside him. However the next thing he feels is Yoongi's fingers leaving him. There's a moment of confusion before he hears the sound of Yoongi dropping to his knees.

"Oh god," Jeongguk whispers. His cock throbs just from the thought of what's about to happen.

He feels Yoongi's thumb brush lightly against his entrance, dipping only slightly inside before spreading Jeongguk just enough. When Jeongguk first feels Yoongi's tongue flatten against him he struggles to hold back the low whimper that escapes his throat.

Despite the frantic pace of their encounter thus far, Yoongi slows down for this. His tongue laps soft and teasing against Jeongguk. One of Yoongi's hands goes to his thigh, holding tightly. It's needed because the way he drags his tongue so slowly, circling so languidly, *fuck*, it's making it hard for Jeongguk to stay still. He just wants to feel it inside of him but he waits, letting the wet touch of Yoongi keep working him up more and more. Jeongguk's breath is coming out in shuddering bursts, the feeling amazing and just not quite enough at the same time.

"Yoongi," he pleads.

Yoongi seems to take this as a signal. His thumb opens Jeongguk a little more before he starts to carefully lick inside of him. It's only small movements, the tip of his tongue darting in but it's enough to

make Jeongguk's breath hitch. Yoongi's hand leaves his thigh, lifting up to help spread him that bit more.

Yoongi pulls back, sucking lightly before his tongue slides inside again, pushing in further this time. Jeongguk sighs heavily in utter pleasure, the feeling so good. His head falls to rest against the tiled wall, his finger tips scrabbling to cling on but failing to get any more of a grip. When Taehyung did this before he'd been laying against the bed, able to get friction on his cock whilst Taehyung worked his tongue. He could easily reach down now and take hold of his aching cock but Jeongguk kind of likes this; all his attention focused entirely on Yoongi's tongue and the incredible way he's moving it inside him.

Jeongguk gasps loudly as Yoongi pulls back once more only to drive his tongue even deeper into him. Jeongguk spreads his thighs a little wider, wanting to feel more, and the action gets Yoongi moaning into him. The sound and the feel of it are incredible. Yoongi keeps his movements unrushed, a languid in and out, fucking Jeongguk slow and deliberate with his tongue.

"Oh, oh *god,* Yoongi," Jeongguk groans.

It's so, so good. Jeongguk feels a wonderful pressure gathering, so deep inside of him. It feels different from the way it builds when his cock is touched. It feels much deeper, more carnal somehow. Yoongi keeps going, that wet, slick muscle causing tremors of pleasure shooting right through him.

He doesn't want Yoongi to stop doing this. He wants him to just keep going and going. Jeongguk's thighs are trembling, overcome with pleasure, and he feels like he could come just from this alone. So when Yoongi's mouth suddenly leaves him and he stands up it's all the more unbearable.

"Hyung," Jeongguk whines, actually whines, and he doesn't even care how needy he sounds. Yoongi mouths wetly at his shoulder, his hands stroking Jeongguk's sides.

"God, I could do that all day," Yoongi murmurs into his skin. "I'd love to make you come like that sometime."

A sensual shiver travels along Jeongguk's spine. Fuck if he doesn't love how Yoongi talks to him, seemingly opening up more and more since it's been just the two of them. It turns Jeongguk on immensely. Despite the lust in his words, Jeongguk still feels the need to protest.

"Why don't you now?" Jeongguk asks, hoping to heaven that Yoongi gets back on his knees. His plea is received with a low chuckle and fingers squeezing where they rest on his sides.

"Because everyone will be getting up soon and wanting to get in here. And I was sort of hoping we could fuck before then," Yoongi says, dragging his lips across Jeongguk's shoulder. He presses a gentle kiss there. "You know, if you want."

Yoongi's hand drops down to take hold of Jeongguk's cock and the touch is so overwhelming that Jeongguk slips slightly on the wet floor and has to brace his forearm against the tiles, Yoongi's other arm immediately flying out round Jeongguk's stomach to keep him upright.

"Shit, sorry," Jeongguk says breathily. "Yes, yes, I want it."

Yoongi smiles and strokes Jeongguk's cock lightly a few times before turning off the shower. He steps out into the bathroom and rummages in the pocket of his discarded jeans to find the lube. He holds out his hand and Jeongguk takes it.

"I think it may be safer out here," he grins. "I don't want to have to explain to a doctor how we both injured ourselves in the shower."

Jeongguk smiles back a touch bashfully. Yoongi pulls him forward so that their bodies are pressed together. His mouth travels along Jeongguk's neck, catching the droplets of water that trickle down it. Jeongguk's hand lifts up to tangle in the wet strands of Yoongi's hair, keeping his mouth firmly fixed to his neck. Yoongi works his mouth expertly, getting Jeongguk trembling even more than before.

"Bend over the counter," Yoongi whispers.

His mouth leaves Jeongguk's neck and Jeongguk nearly flings himself over the counter top where the sink is built into. He leans on his elbows, inhaling deeply as Yoongi rubs his hand over the small of his back. Jeongguk glances up into the mirror that is in front of him. Yoongi is biting down on his lower lip, eyes transfixed on his fingers on Jeongguk's skin. He looks so good. His hair sticks to his forehead, rivulets of water running across his chest, gaze focused and determined.

Jeongguk keeps watching as Yoongi slicks up his fingers, eyes dropping only when he feels that first digit start to slide inside him. It's slightly easier after Yoongi's tongue but when he adds a second

finger the stretch is still obvious. Jeongguk's head tips down, eyes scrunching closed at the sensation.

"Okay?" Yoongi checks and Jeongguk nods rapidly in response.

Yoongi's fingers keep working him, scissoring lightly. They slide deeper, stroking against his walls before finally finding what they're searching out.

"Yes, *yes*," Jeongguk pants out. He pushes back onto Yoongi's fingers, seeking out more of that wonderful feeling. Yoongi gives him exactly what he wants, crooking his fingers just right. He teases Jeongguk, brushing so close but not quite enough before pressing dead on and Jeongguk's vision blurs. Yoongi focuses on that spot, waves of pleasure coursing through the younger.

"Please Yoongi, fuck me," he pleads.

Yoongi's fingers are too good and Jeongguk's still wound up from his tongue. He's been waiting so long for this, weeks now, and he just needs it now. Yoongi doesn't give in however, adding a third finger and making sure Jeongguk's thoroughly prepared. It's almost torturous the way he so carefully works his fingers. Jeongguk knows he's doing it for good reason but his mind is clouded by lust right now he doesn't care.

Finally, *finally* his fingers leave Jeongguk, covering his cock in the lube. Jeongguk watches in the mirror. He can only really see up from Yoongi's chest but it's enough. Yoongi wets his lips, gaze dropped down. Jeongguk feels that blunt pressure against him and he's holding his breath in anticipation. Yoongi's lips part, his expression so intense as he slowly slides into Jeongguk, clearly unable to take his eyes off what he's seeing. It's so hot to watch Yoongi like that but Jeongguk's focus is then entirely drawn to the feeling of Yoongi filling him.

"*Fuck*," he breathes out.

He's been craving this for so long and it feels so good to finally have it. Yoongi's fingers hold onto his hips, keeping Jeongguk still until he's buried all the way inside. He keeps still once he is, giving Jeongguk time to adjust. Jeongguk's breath is shaky as he waits a few moments; as badly as he wants this, he does forget how much of a stretch it is having Yoongi's cock inside him.

Eventually he feels ready to push back, signalling that he's comfortable. More than comfortable. He swallows thickly as Yoongi

pulls out halfway before slowly pressing all the way inside again. He repeats the motion again and again. The feel of Yoongi's cock dragging against him inside is incredible. He's needed this so much.

"Yoongi," he groans when the elder drives in harder the next time.

"Not too loud," Yoongi says softly, though it's clear how much he enjoyed Jeongguk's reaction.

Jeongguk nods rapidly. They've never fucked when other people have been in the house. Well, aside from that one time when Taehyung and Jimin abandoned them, but it's more the other members that Jeongguk's worried about. Seokjin's room is the closest to the bathroom and he feels like the eldest may have an actual heart attack if he gets woken up by Jeongguk moaning Yoongi's name.

One of Yoongi's hands leaves Jeongguk's hip to reach forward and grip onto the edge of the counter. His other hand stays firmly on Jeongguk's hip as his foot nudges Jeongguk's ankle, spreading his legs a little further apart. It causes Yoongi's cock to go deeper inside of him, causing both of them to gasp at the feeling.

Yoongi starts pulling back further each time, driving in hard and deep on every thrust. He keeps the pace relatively slow, allowing them to fully enjoy every moment. Jeongguk loves being fucked like this, with deep, deliberate strokes. It may not be fast but it doesn't stop Yoongi from going hard, his hand on Jeongguk's hip the only thing stopping Jeongguk from inching forwards on each thrust.

"Lean forward a little more," Yoongi says, a request rather than an order. Jeongguk slides his forearms forward slightly and the next time Yoongi slides inside, *fuck*, he's hitting right where Jeongguk needs it.

"*Yes*, right there," Jeongguk gasps out. "Right there, Yoongi."

Yoongi lets out a low moan at Jeongguk's words. He grips tighter and slides in again hitting that spot once more. His pace quickens slightly, keeping the angle just right as he fucks Jeongguk impossibly harder, turning Jeongguk into a mess of shuddering gasps and quiet groans.

Jeongguk looks up into the mirror. He's never seen himself in this situation before and it surprises him just how utterly wrecked he looks, jaw slack and eyes hooded as Yoongi takes him. Yoongi looks equally gone, face a picture of pure desire as he slides into the younger. He glances up and meets Jeongguk's reflected gaze. It feels electric and Jeongguk moans at the way Yoongi looks at him so

intensely.

"You look so amazing," Yoongi tells him, stoking the fire burning deep inside Jeongguk. He wants to return the compliment but Yoongi chooses that moment to thrust into him particularly hard and it's lost in the low moan that escapes his throat.

"You-" Jeongguk's sentence is cut off when Yoongi hits his prostate dead on once more. He swallows hard. "Oh god, I love how you fuck me."

Jeongguk's not sure where the words slip out from but Yoongi certainly seems to appreciate them. He inhales sharply, the speed of his thrusts increasing once more. Jeongguk hears the distant slam of a door and vaguely it registers that the others must be starting to stir. He hopes with everything he has that they don't head towards the bathroom. Yoongi seems to have heard it too from the way his head briefly turns towards the door.

Jeongguk knows he has to be even quieter now but it proves more difficult than ever as Yoongi fucks him faster, harder, sending pure pleasure shooting through his body. He bites down on his lip, trying desperately to stop himself making too much noise, but the occasional moan does slip through.

"Shit, you feel so good," Yoongi whispers. "So fucking good."

His voice cracks a little on his last words. Jeongguk can feel himself starting to get close, the pleasure coiling deep inside him, and Yoongi's utterances only help to bring him closer. Jeongguk arches his back more, trying to get Yoongi even deeper inside of him. Yoongi groans lowly at the action, his jaw clenched. Yoongi's hand leaves the counter, pressing his palm flat against Jeongguk's back to keep him down at the right angle.

"Yoongi, I'm so close," Jeongguk whimpers.

His hand drops to his cock, needing so badly to relieve that ache that's building in his lower body, needing to feel that release that he's so near to. He strokes himself as Yoongi keeps fucking him relentlessly, driving him closer and closer.

"Want to feel you come, baby," Yoongi says through shaky breaths.

And what the fuck, Jeongguk isn't anyone's *baby* but Yoongi's words seem to have an immediate and unexpected effect on him. That

pressure coiled deep within him suddenly breaks and he's coming ridiculously hard over his hand and the counter, the feeling growing in intensity before it becomes too much and he has to release his grip.

Yoongi's still driving into him, mouth open slightly and eyes closed in a way that Jeongguk knows means he's close. Jeongguk feels exhausted and his forearms are shaking from the effort of propping himself up but he tries his best to push back onto Yoongi, clenching around him. It seems to be enough.

"Kook, I'm coming, *fuck,*" he whispers frantically, thrusting hard into Jeongguk one more time before his actions still, fingers digging in almost painfully. Jeongguk watches in the mirror. He doesn't think he'll ever get over being able to see Yoongi like this, coming completely undone.

Jeongguk waits a little while afterwards before straightening up, feeling Yoongi gently slide out of him. Yoongi's arms snake around his waist, holding him tightly. Jeongguk can't help but smile, especially when he sees the pair of them reflected in the mirror. He kind of likes the way Yoongi looks wrapped around him. Yoongi however seems entirely focused on kissing softly along his shoulder.

"That was incredible," Jeongguk laughs breathlessly.

Yoongi grins, nipping lightly at him. He makes a small hum of appreciation as he nuzzles his nose into the crook of Jeongguk's neck. They stay like that a while, enjoying being pressed against each other. Eventually Yoongi speaks. "So we probably need an *actual* shower now."

Jeongguk grins and nods in agreement. Yoongi's arms unwind from around his waist. Jeongguk takes his hand and walks them both into the shower. It's nice - really nice. There's not a huge amount of showering. Instead they spend their time indulging in light kisses, tongues slipping playfully into each other's mouths. Jeongguk feels a wonderful warmth settle over him that has nothing to do with the sex and everything to do with how Yoongi looks at him so fondly, soft and smiling as he blinks away the droplets of water from his eyelashes.

Jeongguk doesn't want to get out the shower; doesn't want to leave this little bubble of happiness. But he knows that time must be pressing on and the others are going to be trying to get in here soon. Yoongi seems to be thinking along the same lines, sighing deeply after a particularly long and enjoyable kiss and grudgingly grabbing the

shower gel.

They wash themselves thoroughly, Yoongi taking a while longer as he keeps stopping to look at Jeongguk. It makes Jeongguk blush but also makes his stomach flip excitedly.

"Come on, pick up the pace," Jeongguk grins teasingly.

Yoongi smirks, huffing as he ducks back under the spray. "Sorry. You're just very distracting."

Jeongguk nudges him shyly. He loves it though; loves that Yoongi seems so entranced by him. He still can't quite believe it. He thinks back to when moments like this morning were firmly confined to imagined scenarios. When he'd be in this very shower, hand working himself quickly as he thought about what it would be like to be with his hyungs, always coming back to Yoongi. He feels that real life has far surpassed his imagination.

It takes them much longer than necessary to dry off afterwards, continually stealing kisses and touches off each other, and Jeongguk feels like if he smiles anymore his jaw is going to break. He just feels, well, *happy* being around Yoongi. He knows that he has feelings for Yoongi but he's never felt them quite as obviously as he does now.

"So," Yoongi says against his lips after another deep kiss. "You know I don't think I ever got that shirt back." He tilts his head back and raises his eyebrows, a teasing smirk on his face.

"Oh yeah, sorry," Jeongguk flushes. "I'll wash it and give-"

Yoongi just grins and kisses him again. "If you want to keep it, I don't mind," he shrugs. "Looks better on you anyway."

Jeongguk shoves him playfully and Yoongi laughs. "You're deluded," Jeongguk tells him.

Yoongi just smiles and kisses him again.

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It's not until later that night when Jeongguk gets to see Yoongi again. His day has been busy but every free moment is taken up with replaying the morning in his mind. Remembering Yoongi's touch and how he looked, the words murmured to him in the heated moment. He tries not to think about how he enjoyed the pet name that slipped

out from Yoongi. Because, frankly, he's quite embarrassed by just how much he did. That so isn't meant to be his style.

He's stretched out on one of the couches, Taehyung laid out on the other. They're both playing idly on their phones when Jimin walks in. He would normally get Jeongguk to shift so that he can sit down, but instead he sits down on the floor next to Taehyung's couch.

"Mind if I put the TV on?" he asks and gets a roundly noncommittal response so he does so, starting to flick through the channels.

Jeongguk's game finishes on his phone. Won it, as always. He smiles smugly to himself. He glances over at the other pair. Taehyung's eyes are still firmly fixed on his phone but his other hand cards gently through Jimin's hair. Jimin's watching the TV but leans back into the touch.

His gaze is drawn away by the lounge door opening again. Yoongi wanders in, a small smile flickering across his face when he spots Jeongguk. The younger immediately sits up, giving him space to sit down. Yoongi flops down beside him, yawning widely.

"Oh good, seems you're both here," Taehyung begins. He pulls something out of the pocket of his jeans and it's thrown over to their couch. It's only Jeongguk's quick reflexes that prevent the small bottle from colliding with his head. "If you're gonna fuck in the bathroom, can you please at least not make it so obvious?"

Jeongguk looks down at the bottle of lube in his hand and blushes. They clearly missed it in their quick clean up operation this morning.

"Yeah, Hobi-hyung found it this morning. Luckily Tae jumped in and said it was his," Jimin adds. "I'm not sure he can look Tae in the eye anymore." He grins as he speaks, clearly enjoying reliving the awkward memory.

"Oh my god," Jeongguk laughs. "What did you say?"

"I just told him not to ask questions about it unless he wanted very detailed answers," Taehyung replies. "He looked a little like he wanted to die."

Jeongguk keeps laughing at the scenario. "Shit. Thank you though," he says.

"Just be careful," Taehyung grins. "I don't want to take the fall for any

more stuff like that."

There's a comfortable silence that settles over them before Jimin speaks again.

"So, shower sex, hyung?" he smirks. "Kookie *is* making you adventurous. You always shot us down when we suggested it."

"Yeah, 'cause I couldn't be dealing with the injuries you two would have ended up with attempting that," Yoongi tells him bluntly.

It makes Jeongguk feel a little odd to hear them all talk about their times together before he joined. He shuffles a little closer to Yoongi on the couch.

"How rude," Taehyung says in mock offence.

"In fairness Tae, you did slip over twice when we tried it the other-"

"Anyway," Taehyung continues, quickly cutting off Jimin's story. "Just be more careful where you leave things. For both mine and Hobi's sake."

"Will do," Jeongguk smiles.

Taehyung goes back to scrolling through his phone and Jimin's gaze returns to the television screen. Jeongguk feels very aware of Yoongi beside him.

He doesn't know what makes him do it but he glances over quickly at the other pair to make sure they're preoccupied before reaching down and taking hold of Yoongi's hand. He senses Yoongi tensing up very briefly before he entwines their fingers.

They focus on the TV too, though out of the corner of his eye Jeongguk can see Yoongi's lips pressed together to suppress a smile. After a little while Jeongguk turns his head to the side, leaning in and letting his mouth hover just by Yoongi's ear.

"I've been thinking about this morning all day," he says as quietly as possible.

Yoongi bites down on his lip, holding back a grin. He tilts his head a bit to look at the other.

"Yeah?" he asks in a hushed voice.

Jeongguk nods and squeezes his hand. Yoongi lets the grin break across his face.

"Me too," he says. His eyes shine with warmth. Jeongguk feels his breath catch in his throat, not helped at all when Yoongi leans in and presses a tender kiss to his jaw.

"God, someone get me a sick bag."

Jimin's voice cuts right through the moment. Jeongguk and Yoongi turn their attention to the other pair who are looking at them with mildly horrified expressions.

"Yeah guys, I'm all for watching you fuck but I draw the line at having to see you acting like lovesick teenagers," says Taehyung, jumping in straight away.

"Well, in fairness one of them *is* a lovesick teenag-"

"Finish that sentence and I will murder you," Yoongi tells Jimin, whose face just creases in a wide smile. Jeongguk covers his own face with his free hand, just about ready to die of embarrassment. He should probably let go of Yoongi's hand but doesn't really want to.

"Such a sweet talker," Taehyung teases. "You're a lucky guy, Kook."

"You two are the bane of my existence," Yoongi grumbles.

"And after all we've done for you," Jimin sighs dramatically.

Jeongguk laughs despite himself and brings down his hand from his face. Despite being awkward as hell his friends' teasing still brings a smile to his face. As does the fact that Yoongi's thumb has started rubbing lightly on his hand.

"Well if you must make us suffer can you at least just accept that you're pretty much boyfriends?" Taehyung huffs.

Jeongguk's face scrunches up at his comment and Yoongi sighs heavily.

"I will well and truly kick your ass if you keep talking," Yoongi says.

Taehyung lets out a groan of frustration but then lets it drop, clearly realising he's getting nowhere with them. Jimin rolls his eyes and resigns himself to watching the TV again.

It's a good ten minutes later when Jeongguk feels Yoongi lean in a little to whisper into his ear.

"I mean, I guess it's not the worst thing I've ever been called."

Jeongguk tries very hard not to smile. Yoongi as his boyfriend? It's a concept that seems so ridiculous that he almost can't consider it seriously. But it's also giving him those fucking butterflies again. He doesn't really know what difference putting a label on this makes but, well, it's a label he's not completely averse to.

"I don't have to write our names in hearts and buy you flowers and stuff do I?" Jeongguk replies quietly, barely holding back his smile.

"If you do I will severely question your mental stability," Yoongi tells him.

Jeongguk laughs at his words despite the sudden tightness in his chest from the deep affection in Yoongi's expression whilst saying them.

It makes Jeongguk want to lean in and kiss him, so he does. He barely even notices the TV remote that promptly collides with his shoulder, and when he hears the pained sounds from the other pair he just kisses Yoongi harder.

End Notes

Thank you once again to everyone who commented on the first three fics, and have been interested in seeing the SugaKookie relationship develop. Your wonderful feedback and encouragement means a great deal to me <3 <3

I really hope you enjoyed reading the first in this more SugaKookie-focused series. As ever, comments are truly loved and so appreciated :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!